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Poverty's No. Sin

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Poverty's No Sin.

Printed by J. Catnach, 2 Monmouth-st. 7 Dials

Poor Kate, with nosegay basket trim
Sent forth a plaintive cry,
Her varied flowers round the brim,
She bid each trav'ler buy,
But heedless pass'd the giddy throng,
In vain she hop'd to win,
She sigh'd, and held her basket low,
Sure poverty's no sin.

She silent grieves, yet perseveres,
By hunger pinch'd, and cold
A brute who saw her falling tears,
Grew impudent and bold,
By force he press'd the modest maid,
Who pity wish'd to win, (said,
Who struggled, blush'd, and frowning
So poverty's a sin,

Tom Truelove flush'd with golden ore,
His constant girl he knew,
Just cried—'tis lucky I'm on shore,
To her relief he flew;
His cudgel laid the assailant low,
While Tom did thus begin,
D'ye mind me lubber, don't you know—
Is poverty a sin?

Then bore his prize with love and pride,
Beneath his conquering arm,
And swore he'd keep her side by side,
And keep her safe from harm;
Thy sails says Tom, shake in the wind,
Thy cheeks look pale and thin
But cheer my lass, the breeze is kind,
For poverty's no sin.

Kate told him all her friends were dead,
And she distress'd and low,
Avast, he cried, enough is said,
His heart felt all her woe,
Here take this gold, 'tis all your own
'Twas you that made me win;
I've fought for you, and you alone—
Why, poverty's no sin.

Rigg'd like a lally, Kate next day!
Was made by Tom a wife,
And cheerly asses life away,
They know no care or strife,
To her the needy tell their grief,
Who asks is sure to win,
She says, and always finds relief,
That poverty's no sin.



THE Squire & Farmer

Printed by J. CATNACH, 2, Monmouth-court



YOU farmers and squires of renown, come listen awhile
To a story that's lately found out it happened near to Lon-
A farmer had a handsome young wife such a beauty there's
He loved her as dear as his life because that she was such
The farmer to market did go, for he was in want of some
He says my dear jewel consent for I mean to do you no harm
Your husband shall pay me no rent, if you will let me em-
brace your sweet charms,
She says noble squire forbear, my husband will come home
And if he the same tidings should hear it would cause me
great grief and sorrow.
He said my dearest jewel consent, here is fifty gold guineas
Your husband shall pay no rent, if you let me lie with you
to night.
The sight of the gold won the day, which pleas'd the
He often came to her again & for her he left his own wife,
The farmer did hear by the bye how he had been trick'd
by the squire,
And he kept the matter so sly until the whole joke he did
The farmer from home did go one evening as he had pre-
tended,
On purpose the joke to find out for lately he had been
In the dusk of the evening returning according to this re-
solution,
He hid himself in his own room, where of him she had got
The squire he tripp'd up stairs, the farmer's wife soon
follow'd after,
Under the bed he lay there as still as a mouse sir,
The bed it began to shake, just as the whole it began,
Not a word did the young farmer speak now comes the beat
of the fun
They play'd till they both fell asleep, the farmer let them
And he crept from under the bed & put on the young
squire's clothes,
And off to the young squire's house goes, the door off it
As boldly he entered the room, & then went to bed to the
lady.
They play'd till they both went to sleep, & then lay in
And when the young lad yawoke, so dismal she then began
mourning,
To her the whole joke he made known, from the begining
The lady she smil'd and said, that we have been borrowing
and lending.
The lady & farmer arose on purpose the joke to see out
And off to the squire he goes & finds him in bed with his
wife sir,
They at one another did stare nor a word w^{as} spoken for
The lady she smil'd & said, we are euckoids all four.
The squire & farmer doth now agree without any wrang-
ling or strife,
Each man he fills up his glass & brinks to his own law-
ful wife,
The farmer he now lives ren, free by the squire's thras-
thrashing his corn,
Both to this of course doth agree, wearing each others
horns